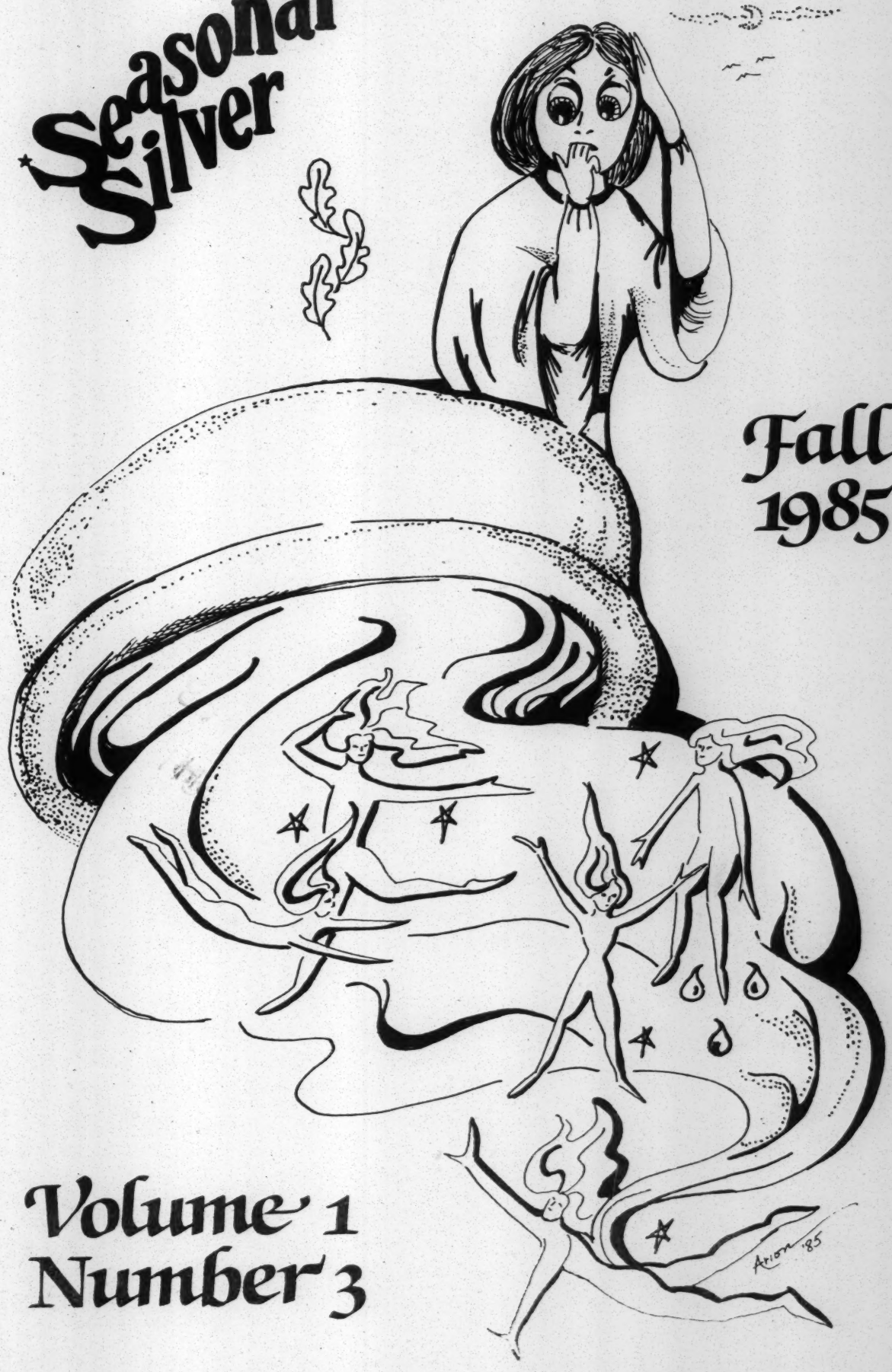
Seasonal Silver

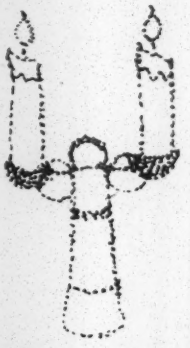


Fall
1985

Volume 1
Number 3

The purpose of this magazine/newsletter is to express a love of Nature and a basically Humanitarian point of view. That whatever our beliefs, our gender, our color, our sexual preference, or whatever makes us unique individual human beings, we CAN get along and love each other. And we CAN love and respect Her: our Mother, the Earth.

★★★★★



This is a seasonal/quarterly magazine/newsletter. Staff includes Donna Lyon Rhose, Ariadiana, Geoffrey Pfaff, Crystal Drajun, PM, Jaime Redwing, M. Carroll, Miguel, Gil Wyndel, and Arion. With special thanks to Gary.

THE REFLECTIVE WOODS

EDITORIAL

Fall is my favorite time of year, that time for finishing things up so that Winter might be a time for reflection and rest--or at least as close as one can get to it. One of the main reasons that I love living here is the beautiful countryside and the very long falls and springs. In the fall there is a long spell that one can hike in nice weather with very little distraction from bugs, as the leaves turn and turn their colors to create a magnificent tapestry for the eyes to feast on. The approach of Samhain (Halloween to y'all) is truly a joyful season down here as it becomes easier to stay outside and watch Her bless the woods in Her colorful clothes. Samhain--my favorite holiday (Lady Day runs a tight second)--that happy harvest day when the veil between the worlds is thin and we join our spirits with the spirits of our ancestors in celebration.

The Pagan Community is not a well understood community--at best. Of all holidays, Samhain comes under the strongest suspicion. It is sad this suspicion--the Pagan Community is mainly a healing-oriented Community with a heavy focus on Nature. But, I suppose this desire to work with Nature can lead to very strong suspicions in today's Western society.

Personally, I don't care what people believe. If you want to worship the railroad tracks, the great eye in the sky, or nothing at all, it makes no difference to me. So, in the past when people spoke of Satanism, I paid very little attention to it. I've thought it was a little silly, but that's about all I've felt.

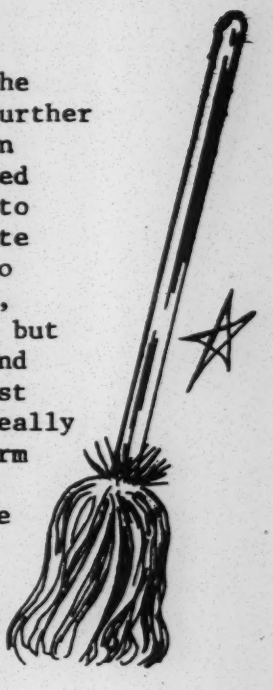
However, it's always annoyed me deeply that Satanists sometimes call themselves witches (as if they were "Wise Ones") and use "the" Pagan symbol, even if inverted, along with inverted Christian symbols. It is offensive to any Pagan to be mentioned in the same breath as Satanists. But, I fear it's getting worse.

Though I still look on Satanism as rather silly most of the time, I am starting to hear some rather nasty things connected with it. Things that could easily be superimposed on the Pagan Community in the average person's mind. Besides, I draw the line in being nice to any religion or philosophy that deliberately tries to hurt others--that is based on hate. Though there are certainly many other hate groups out there, Satanism has really been the worst thorn in the side of Paganism.

For those of us who are Pagans, as we go into the season of Winter--the Season of Reflection--perhaps we should reflect on the Pagan image. How to show our separation from Satanism--how to show our very very strong dissimilarity. How to show "who" we are. By our love of Her, by our love and respect for each other, by our tolerance, may it be said of US: "they will know we are 'Pagans' by our love.

From the Foothills of Georgia *Donna*

AMENDMENT 705 TO HR3036



Because I don't know what the outcome will be at the time of printing, I can really go no farther than to further alert people to the presence of a proposed amendment in Congress. Whether at the time of printing it has passed or not, or is still being debated, it is well advised to be aware of it. It is an amendment that would eliminate Federal Tax Exemption for any organization with ties to Witchcraft. Because in many ways this is a vague term, not only would this affect Pagan and Wiccan religions, but it could become easily extended to any psychic works and mystical religions of all sorts. It is a strike against religious freedom--and whether or not this amendment really gets anywhere, there is a strong push these days to harm this very precious right. Be alert, be aware--for if we lose this right, we can no longer even pretend to be a free people.

AND THANK-YOU CIRCLE NETWORK NEWS for alerting me and friends.

****A PERSONAL COMMENT ON AIDS****

It has unnerved me to hear the amount of foolishness when it comes to AIDS. I suppose my problem is that I do live in the Bible Belt--but to hear snide remarks from people I have thought to be relatively humanitarian has hurt my heart deeply. Listen, folks, we all fear atomic bombs and that one day they may devastate most of this planet. However, if we do not get a cure for AIDS, and a cure soon, we aren't going to have to fear the bombs, anymore. Fortunately, I have not lost any friends or myself to this--yet. But I know that is something that could easily change with each passing day. There is no blame here. There will always be disease--it is a part of the human condition. But it is also a part of humanity to try to fight it. It is our prejudices that are going to allow this disease to grow; our childishness--Goddess knows, I hope there are enough adults on this planet that a cure is effected, anyway.

CABLE POSSIBILITIES

I would like to suggest to my readers in and around Atlanta to check into Prime Cable of Atlanta. They have an office on West Peachtree between 10th and 11th Streets. I am led to understand it is not difficult to get involved as far as learning to operate the cameras, etc. And if you can eventually prove your adeptness and have an inclination, you can apply and quite possibly get funded for projects. Though I would love to find out more myself, my schedule at this time does not permit it. However, I would like to hear from anyone who does venture into it with the hopes I can eventually pursue this as well.

Would anyone in the Atlanta area be interested in forming a small group to work on outer court mystery plays? If so, write to Seasonal Silver and leave your name and number.

Traditions
Samhain

by Ariadiana

Air is chill, sharp, cold.
Birds flap noisily southward;
Harvest left in the fields blackens
under early morning frost.
Wintmonath (Windmonth) is Come.

Halegmonath (Gerstmonath-September) is far behind, memories of golden-green Thanksgiving (Mabon) snuggle warm within the mind; Wintirfyllith (Wynmonath--October) her golden-blue skies fringed with red-orange leaves has nestled to sleep beneath dark Blotmonath's (Wintmonath--November) gloomy quilt.

Herbs and vegetables are drying, the house is clean top to bottom; the flocks and herds are gathered. Lord Samhain's Holy Day approaches and the final harvest festival--Harvest Home--the slaughtering of animals, is begun. A new fire is laid on the hearth (to be lighted from the main bonfire); Soul cakes are baked and consecrated to Those Who Have Gone Before (to be offered up at midnight--along with a glass of wine/water/cider).

Before the Romans, the Celts sacrificed humans, laden with the sins of the community, at Samhain--so that the community would begin the New Year clean and fresh. After the Romans (who outlawed human sacrifice), people would sometimes select a "sin eater" who would eat a cake symbolic of the sins of the community. Animals were also "sacrificed" and eaten as part of the Holy Feast. During the festival, nuts were roasted to tell the future (the way they burst augured various things) and apples were bobbed for--if you got one, abundance (fertility) for the coming year was assured (in later times, it meant your wish came true).

The Goddess as Crone was believed to fly the skies on her Broomstick cleaning out the Old Year, ushering in the New Year; Lord Samhain let his Dead walk freely on earth--the veils between the worlds was thinnest on Hallow Eve. Samhain was the second great Fire Festival of the year: Light and Dark were locked once again in mortal combat--the Great Bonfire was lighted to hold back the darkness people knew must come.

Death is the Ruler of Hallow Eve--Death--destruction--ending. As children in our society, we learn to fear and hate the Crone on her Broomstick and shiver in excitement at ghosts and skeletons; Halloween is a fun time for dressing up in costumes, trick-r-treating, and partying. Gayety, however, was not part of the original Samhain celebration. Samhain was the Highest and Holiest of all the Days. It was a time of reflection, of acceptance of one's mortality--one's place in the scheme of things. It was a time of letting go of the past while still remembering Those Who Had Gone Before.

As living bodies, we have connection to all other living bodies from the beginning of this World to present. As living souls, we have connection to all other living souls--incarnate or not. Our ancestors (European, African, Amerindian, Asian) believed this--and never considered themselves apart from Those Who Had Gone Before. An attitude often prevalent is that some peoples are "uncivilized" when they bury their dead in their houses (under the floor), or have family shrines dedicated to them somewhere in their homes or gardens. Is it really "uncivilized"--or is it acceptance of one's continuity in a long chain not only of humanity but also of everlasting Life?

In our Puritanically conceived, scientifically gestated, technologically born and reared culture, there is no place for death beyond the hasty funeral (and ghost stories to be deliciously shivered at). When someone we care about (whether love or hate) dies, we are allowed one year to grieve--and then it is suggested that we go to a counselor if we are not "getting over it". Death is not something to get over, it is something to understand and integrate into everyday life so that it becomes as natural as it is on this plane of reality.

This Samhain, with the love (or guilt) of your rememberences, make a little Soul cake (or use an oat cookie) for The Ones of your life (human, plant, or animal) Who Have Gone Before (even if some are reincarnated by now--alive or dead, we all like to be remembered), put it on your table (or altar) with a glass of wine/cider/water, light a candle at midnight, and join with our ancestors in the ancient Samhain prayer that:

"There will be Unity of all souls dead and alive
from one end of Time to the other."

In that Unity, we are all One, and in that Oneness there is no birth, death, rebirth, but One Life--One Joy and in that Unity,

Blessed Samhain,

Blessed Be.



THE CELTIC MONTHS

January	WOLFMONATH (Month when wolves howl.)/AEFTER-YULE
February	SOLMONATH (Sun month)/SPROUT-KALE MONATH (Month when cakes are offered to the Gods: on Candlemas/Imbolc farmers put cakes in freshly dug furrows for fertility.)
March	HERTHA (After the Goddess.)
April	EOSTRE/OSTER MONATH (After the Goddess.)
May	THRIMILCI/TRI MILCHI MONATH (Cows milked 3 times per day.)
June	LITHA (Moon--In some places, June and July were known collectively as LITHA.)
July	MEADEMONATH (Honey for mead was gathered.)
August	WEODMONATH (Weed month.)
September	GERSTMONATH (Grain month--grain first taken to be ground.)/HALEGMONATH (Holy month of Thanksgiving--Mabon.)
October	WINTIRFYLLITH (First Full Moon of Winter--German Saxon.)/WYN MONATH (Wine month--Anglo-Saxon.)
November	BLOTMONATH (Blood Month--sacrifice of animals.)/WINTMONATH (Wind month.)
December	WINTIRMONATH (Winter month.)/JUL/JHUL (Yule.)

Keeping Watch

Part II
On the Run
By Jaime Redwing

IN A FUTURE WHERE THE RADICAL RIGHT IS IN POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC CONTROL, A GRADE-SCHOOL TEACHER "GOES UNDERGROUND" IN AN EFFORT TO ASSURE THAT HER STUDENTS RECEIVE AN UNCENSORED AND UNDOCTORED EDUCATION. SUSPICION HAS BEEN CAST ON HER. HER HOME HAS BEEN SEARCHED FOR INCRIMINATING EVIDENCE THAT MIGHT CONNECT HER TO THE REBEL CAUSE. NO LONGER ABLE TO MAINTAIN HER COVER, SHE IS NOW FORCED TO RUN.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

The truck lurched from side-to-side as it dodged huge potholes in the road. Never knowing which way her body would be thrown next did nothing to quieten the churning in Heather's stomach as she listened fearfully for any sound over and above the truck's balky engine.

David, the leader of the local Underground station, had arranged for her to be transported in this ancient vegetable truck to their hideout. She sat in the back, surrounded by crates full of produce, and worried about her immediate future. Would the Watchmen catch her before she reached the cave? Once there, would she ever see daylight again? Or must she follow the Underground to another location and try to brave it out in public?

One thing was certain. The Watchmen would never allow her to teach again. Her picture would be on every school's computer in the nation. No one would hire her, and they would be sure to blow the whistle on her if she even tried to apply.

She would have to learn another trade and use it for her new cover. She'd need to disguise herself somehow. She ran trembling fingers through her long, black hair and thought about getting a haircut, a curly perm, and a dye job. Smiling grimly, she murmered to herself, "Cute, Heather. Real cute. Instead of planning how to change your looks, hadn't you better plan how you're going to stay alive for the next few days?"

A hard rapping on the truck's rear window startled her out of her reverie. She looked up to see the driver's hand making the danger signal. Heather didn't wait to see him make the signal to take cover. Throwing aside a metal plate, she lowered herself into a coffin-like compartment and shifted the truckbed's false bottom back into place on top of her. She had only an inch of space above her, and no room to move at all. Claustrophobia seized her by the throat as the truck ground to a halt.

**** * ****

"What's the matter, officer?" She heard the driver ask.

"Routine check point," a no-nonsense voice replied.

"I never figured out the Klan Militia's insignia, sir. What's your rank? Major?" The Driver went on in a friendly tone as he got out and followed the camo-clad soldier down the side of the truck.

"Hardly, Citizen. I'm a sergeant," he said in clipped tones. Even when he didn't add a "sir," you could hear it at the end of every sentence.

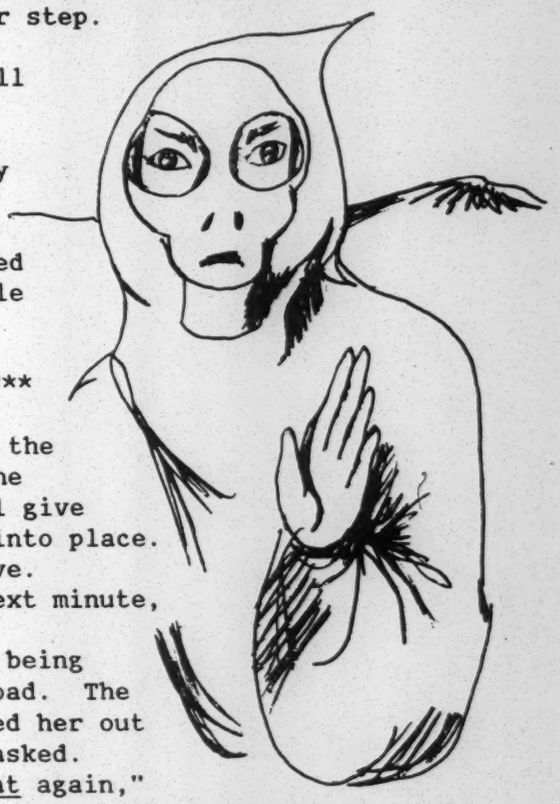
"Looking for anything in particular, Sergeant?" The driver leaned against the truck and lighted a cigarette. He looked completely casual even though his heart hammered against his rib cage.

The sergeant hoisted himself over the tailgate and shifted crates to and fro on the truckbed, searching. He didn't answer the driver. Satisfied that there was nothing out of the way, he stepped back toward the tailgate when the thin metal plate over the false floor creaked under his weight. The sergeant froze for a minute, listened; and hearing nothing else, he took another step.

Another creak.

"Sure is a flimsy truckbed to hold all this weight," he commented as his next step took him off the plate and onto the real truck bed. This time there was only a normal clunk of boots on metal. The sergeant's eyebrows shot up in surprise.

Down on his hands and knees, he groped around the truckbed searching for a handle or a seam--until everything went dark.



**** * ****

Heather heard a loud thump, and then the even louder sound of a body falling on the metal just above her. She felt the metal give enough to touch her before it went back into place. Claustrophobia washed over her like a wave.

"If I don't get out of here in the next minute, I'll die!" she thought.

Just then, she heard something heavy being drug off the truck and dumped onto the road. The false floor was lifted. The driver pulled her out of her prison. "Are you all right?" he asked.

"I will be, if I never have to do <u>that</u> again," she answered shakily. It felt as if all her muscles had turned to jelly as she struggled to right herself. "What did you do with him?" she asked.

The driver gestured behind them and over the tailgate, "He's on the road. We'd better get out of here before he comes to."

Heather looked behind him, curious to see the Klan Militia man. She and the driver both became aware at the same instant of a strange rustling sound. They looked at each other--their eyes full of silent dread, they turned to look back at the road.

Two white-robed figures stepped out of the bushes and started toward them cocking their rifles as they approached. Their eyes shone fiercely through the eye slits of their masks as they gestured silently for Heather and the driver to step over the tailgate and down to the ground.

Heather raised her hands over her head in surrender. "Things just couldn't get any worse than <u>this</u>," she told herself

But, they could . . . and they did.

*** * *** TO BE CONTINUED *** * ***



*****MIGUEL'S HERBS*****

WINTER is on its way, and with the changing of seasons comes change in moods and changes in the body.

* * * *

SAGE -- A wonderful herb in most fowl dishes and soups, but when drunk as a tea, alone or with a pinch of ginseng, it will help lift a down mood. As a cold tea, SAGE will relieve stomach upset, and use that tea as a rub-down to relieve a fever.

PARSLEY -- Use parsley as a mild diuretic and for fresh breath when eaten raw. I use PARSLEY in cooking almost every dish because of its sweet aroma and mild, pleasant flavor.

ONION -- Apply a slice to a bee sting immediately to relieve the pain, or if you have MARIGOLDS, use the petals on the area--apply wet--in salad oil or water. If you smoke, wet TOBACCO also works well.

Because we are late--let me quickly interject some thoughts.

Please consider sending donations and/or giving time to AIDS research and help for AIDS victims.
Also, send prayers and positive thoughts for a cure.
I say this especially to the Pagan community for
it is way, way past time and
I feel it is our obligation.
For--are we not Healers?
Therefore, is it not our duty to try to HEAL?

I am glad to hear other groups expressing the same--may the Goddess let me hear MORE!

Also, we need to start trying to write to our Congressional representatives about the need for religious freedom. There seems to be some real threat right now. I also like the Unicorn's suggestion of writing explanations to Dear Abby.
Pagans are positive people--
we need to show ourselves as positive.

ALSO, ALSO--GOOD LUCK, Grove of the Unicorn!
There are a lot of people rootin' for you!!

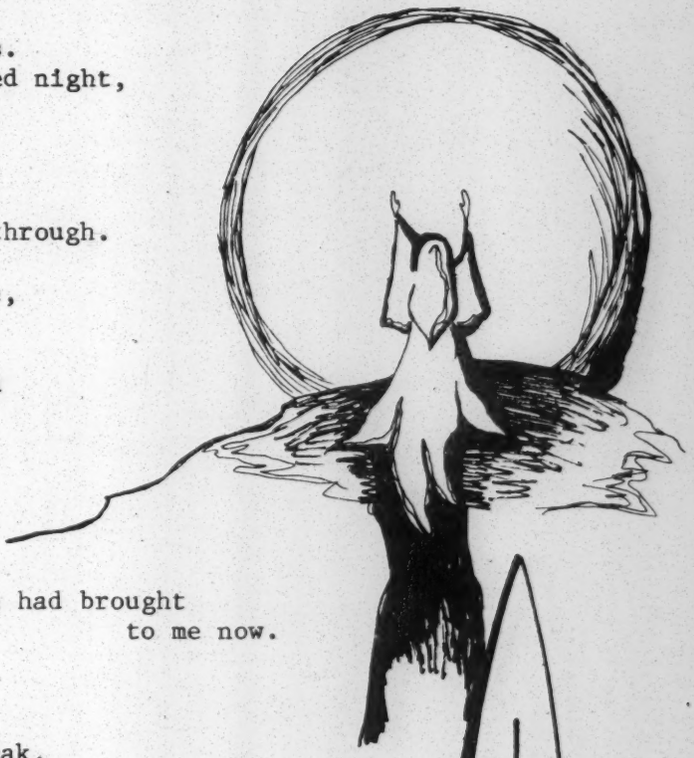
THE SACRIFICE

by Donna Rhose, Fall '85

My drifting mind
studded the tortured silence
with strange
and haunting dreams.
Like shadows on a moon-filled night,
tall and uncertain.

A ring of trees encircled
a darkening field
as Her shadow passed through.

Like a pale, ghosting figure,
She moved between
my waking and
my sleeping; and
I could not tell
what She might be
Boding me.
I wandered,
fitfully,
wondering—
what omen She had brought
to me now.

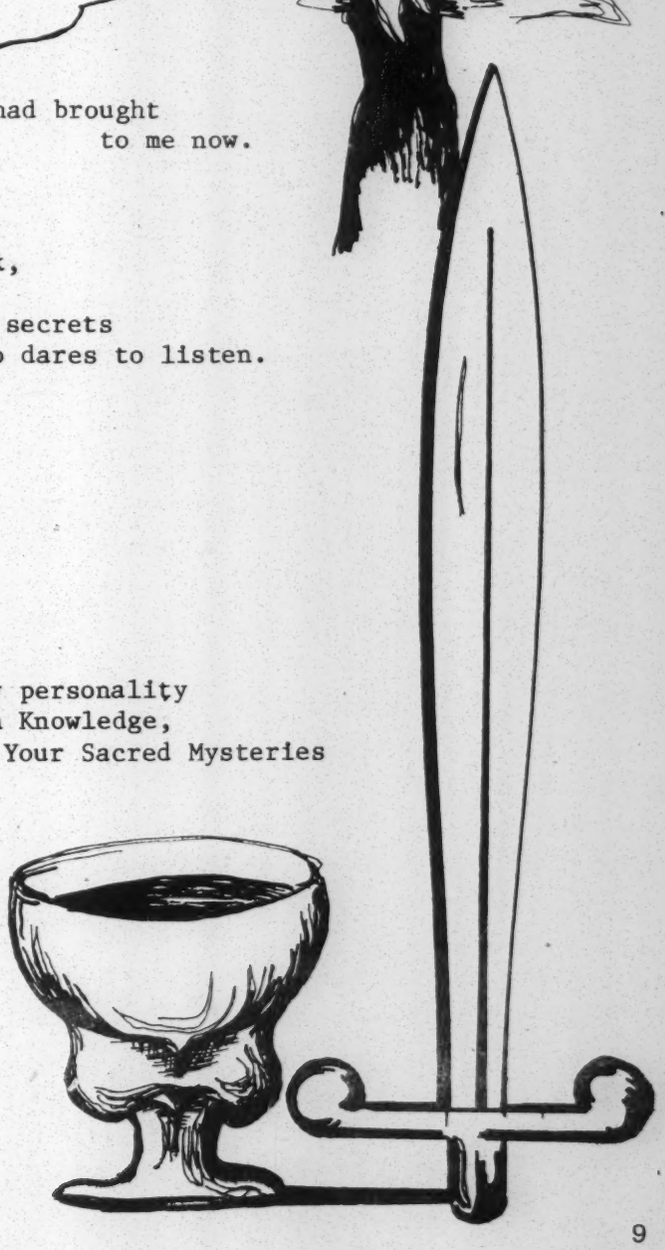


The White Lady,
the Woman of the Raven
sits in the branches of an Oak,
Calling,
Telling Her frightening secrets
to anyone who dares to listen.

Lady—
Why have you touched me
with madness?
Was it I who so long ago
asked for this
cried for this--
Make me Your own?

No, I do not regret it—
But, I have sacrificed my personality
in the Name of Hidden Knowledge,
in the Name of Your Sacred Mysteries

Until I, too, shall become
a shadow
drifting
on
the
wind.



Samhain Song

by Ariadiana
Whispers from the Well: The Golden Wheel

Grey sky, churning clouds, chill wind
battering my house,
The air above the quilt is cold, still, taunting--
dare you get out of bed? Warm bed?
I snuggle under and recall the warmth of Holy Month--
the golden-green Feast--Lord Mabon's Sacrifice,
friends gathered, Joy and Thanksgiving,
silky comfort.

But, I must be up. He is waiting. I feel Him,
watching from beyond the Holly bush, calling
from behind the Oak heavyladen with mistletoe--

Dressed in a long woolen cloak strong against His wind,
I take up my basket and go into the woods,
away from Her fields.

Beneath gaunt, naked limbs of winter-blackened trees, all is still,
a limb cracks,
a squirrel, grasping a nut, scuttles through dried
underbrush,
my boots sink deeply into the loamy, wet earth,
patiently awaiting its blanket of snow.

I hear Him murmuring through the silence, and I hurry
down the path.
He--tall and beautiful, smelling of cloves, apples,
winter wind--clean and fresh and cold,
beckons from the Oak--
Lord Cernunos/Lord Samain, and beside Him, His Stag,
Powerful, Magnificant, Strong, promise of safe
winter secure in His protection.

I run toward Him--
from His Cauldron of Plenty, the snow is born
spiraling upward--floating down.

The luminous Ones Who Have Gone Before descend from the
World Beyond and join us beneath the Oak.
We dance and eternity stretches within us.
From one end of Time to the other we are One in the
Great Holy Circle of Life. All is complete.
I leave small cakes beneath the Oak--no one is
forgotten.

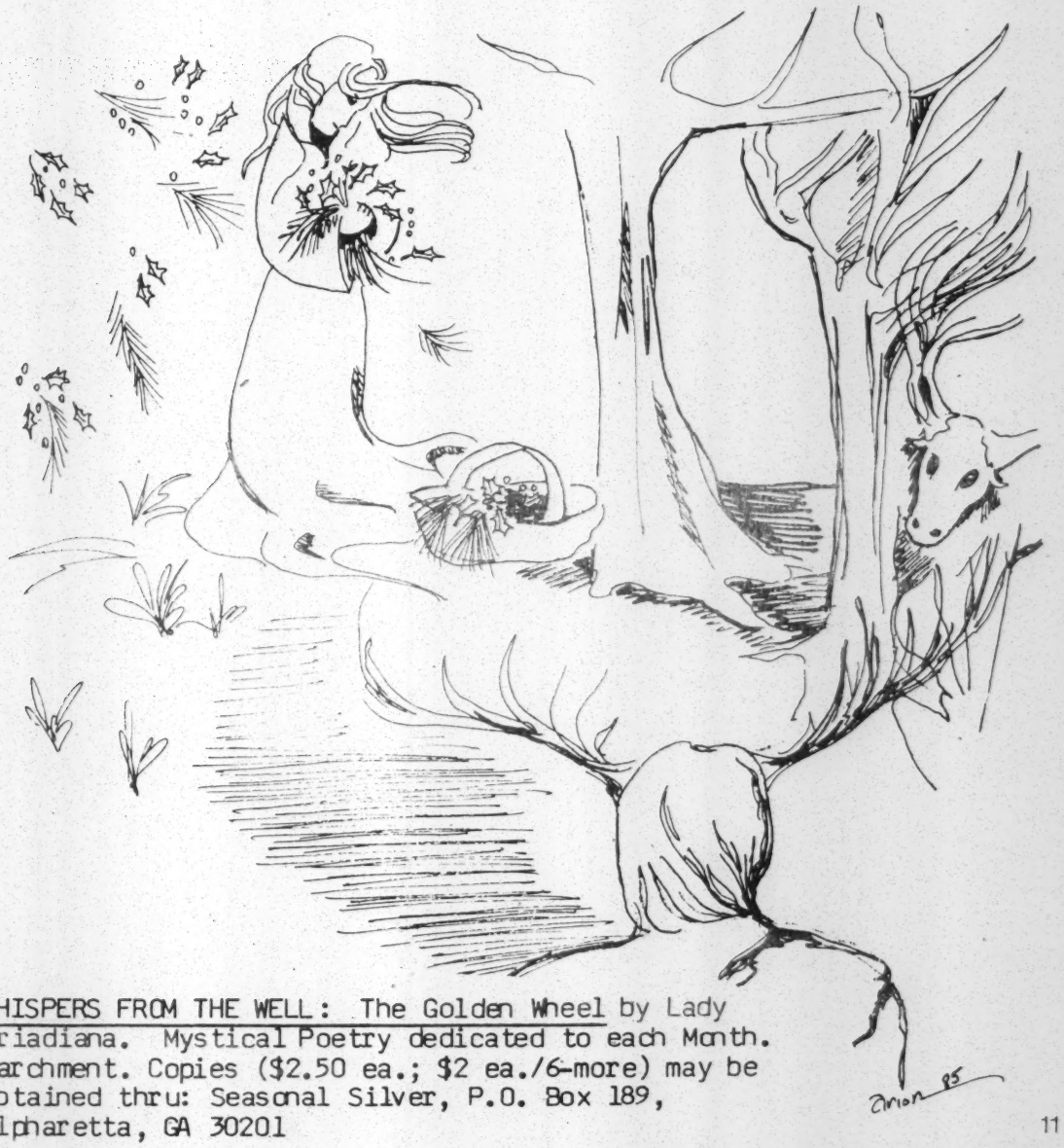
He grants me sprigs of All Healing--my sins are
forgiven--
She, the One with lines of Wisdom smiling across Her
face--bequeaths Holly, the promise of rebirth;
She sweeps my soul clean with Her Holy Broom.
The Year and my Life begin anew.

Putting the Flowers of the Season in my basket, I
return home, and place them on the little altar
where they fulfill my house,
blessing and consecrating,
hallowing and uplifting.

The stew bubbling on the stove pokes fingers of heat
into the cold air,
The fire in the fireplace glows at the darkness
gathering outside the window.

His is the Season.
He is the Ruler--the Husbandman
of She Who Sleeps pregnant in the barren fields--

His smile gently enfolds me from the darkening sky--
from the lone pine,
from the frozen ground,
from the small hard flakes of crystaline snow that
plummet against my window,
tapping, tapping, tapping.



WHISPERS FROM THE WELL: The Golden Wheel by Lady Ariadiana. Mystical Poetry dedicated to each Month. Parchment. Copies ($2.50 ea.; $2 ea./6-more) may be obtained thru: Seasonal Silver, P.O. Box 189, Alpharetta, GA 30201

Music

Donna Lyon Rhose

When she woke, it was in a strange mist that was more in her head than around her, though she could also see with an amazing sharpness. Never had the sky appeared so blue to her before. How odd that the stars were out and a new sickle-shaped moon spanned the horizon, for surely it could not now be night in this crispness of color. A scent of wildflowers peltered her nose as she gingerly stood up and began to walk towards the sounds of running water. Somehow the air was thick and she moved slowly, almost as one in a dream would have done. The grass was very soft on her bare feet, there was a mellow warmth that encircled her skin as her hair moved in a wierd wispy way about her face. Somewhere ahead, she heard soft music that seemed to bear itself straight to her ears, so she listened to it intently, trying to understand what it might mean to her; but she could not fathom it, so she let it go. When she reached the water, it turned out to be a swiftly running river that seemed to go forever into the depths of a forest. It was then, also, that she noticed the cave and knew that that was where the music had been coming from. Oddly colored birds in rich hues burst from the bank as she approached the cave. At the top of the cave were runes from some ancient time. With difficulty, she read them, then smiled as she realized where she was. At that, she threw back her head and rose her arms to the sky, a blessing in her eyes. Then, with confidence, she entered the confines of the cave, never to return.

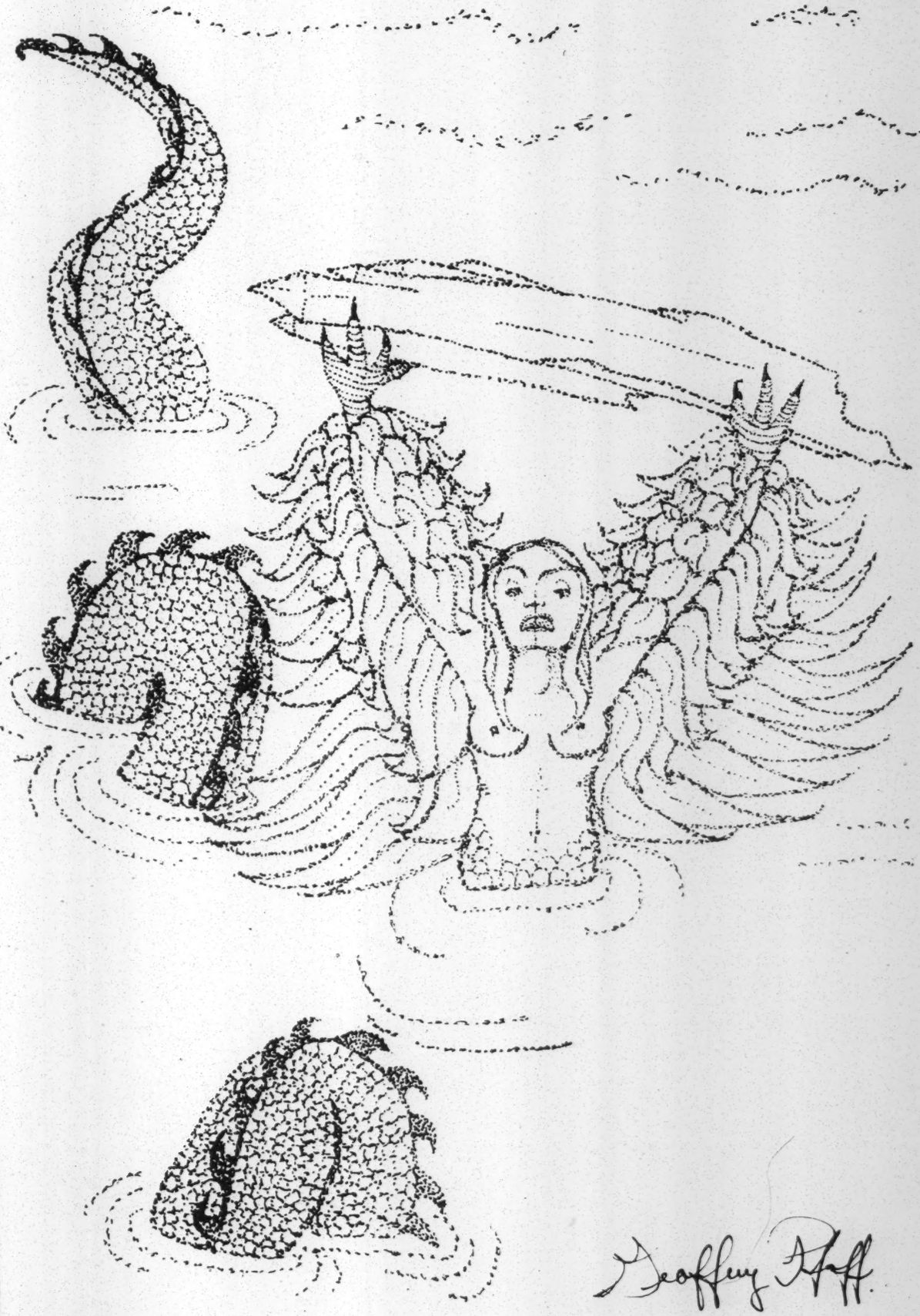


Laurel hill,
to sandy creek,
the evergreen--
ever hiding life,
the secret cause
of the floor of the forest
the true face of the earth.
The light is your stream
Sand shifts and builds--
reshapes the mother
Laurel cools and nurtures
as slowly she mends.

Crystal Drajun

Wild Magick Bulletin

ECOLOGY - EARTH RELIGION - TAO
official publication of E.L.F.
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Mystery Plays & the Mystical Community

Poetry is a single focal point--one controls one's personal energy to interact with an audience's energy. The vibrational patterns are manipulated by one source and, therefore, much depends on the poet's ability to raise his/her energy and utilize the energy coming from the audience.

However, with a mystery play, one creates a whole spectrum of energy movement. A mystery play is far more than just a statement (as a secular play is viewed); it is a total experience. Sound and movement become major factors that, with a continuous movement of energy, can create a slow spiral rise uplifting the audience (and/or participants) to another level making them feel as if they have become part of the play--rather than having merely witnessed it.

The powerfully executed mystery play should have a slow, meditative start, a raising of energy, a release, and a grounding. In order to protect the viewers and/or participants as the energy is raised, a mystery play needs to include, therefore, some ritual--which does not have to be obvious. A circle around the area could be built with the players performing a ring-dance outside the audience incorporating recognition of the four corners into the play itself through song, dance, and/or symbolism. A second dance, in the area where the play is to be performed, would be done to establish the inner energy base forming the energy field that will work from the center achieving circles within circles, energies within energies. Also, a session of meditative music before the play would help create a receptive mood in the audience,

If a mystery play is to work in the ultimate sense (that of uplifting)--much must happen within and between the players themselves. This is not something where auditions can be done per play. It would be closer to what troupes are. To even enter the group, it would be like chosing members to enter an inner mystical group. Experimentally, people could first gather and raise energy to feel each other's vibrations. Is the group as a whole working together; do the vibrations feel compatible? If not, why not? Then, with the group in a circle, let each enter the center, raise and vibrate his/her own energy as the others sense the energy. What is the response of each of the other members of this group? There are other things one may do--but the idea is to establish who can work together with whom to raise and maintain the firmest energy base. It needs to be understood by the people forming such a group that they are entering a very serious realm. Bonding will take place naturally but the group will also practice bonding exercises--so there is a great need to understand that commitment to the Art, oneself, and one's fellows is most important if people do decide to work together.

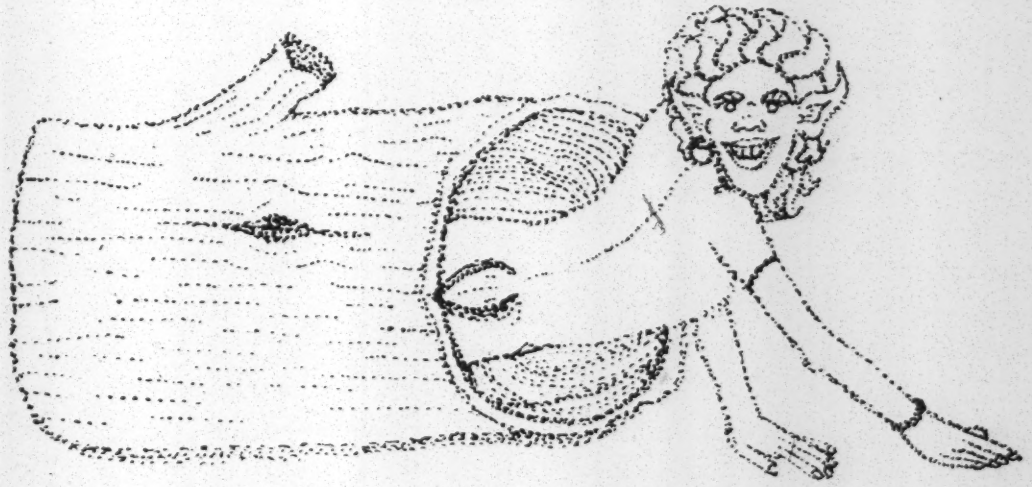
The awareness of movement in energy must become an important focus; therefore, choosing a group mantra will help the group form higher and higher vibrational intensity and understanding

of the energies with which it will be working. When one vibrates one's aura through sound, movement, and concentrated thought, one produces an effect--it is the search for 'what' effect and how it will be used that the group is striving toward.

After a group, or possibly groups, has decided it can work together, some mutual understanding of Mythology should be decided. Mythology is the story base of the mystery play. The effect the group seeks to achieve is to bring this mythology to life and to convey on an inner level to the audience and/or themselves the truths and secrets within these stories--these 'life' stories of the cosmic forces. Let me reiterate from a previous article: 'mythology is <u>not</u> stagnant and need not follow specific story lines. Paying attention to the Gods'/Goddesses' characteristics rather than a specific story line from Mythology or understanding what key points are being made in a story is really more what the ancient storytellers had in mind.'

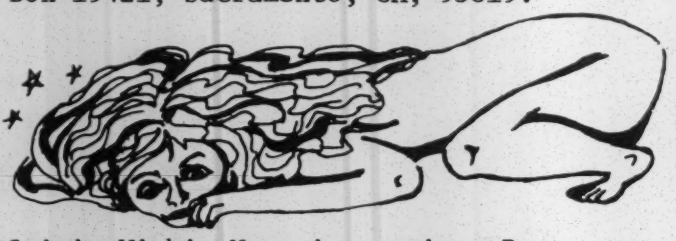
It is the conveyance of the cosmic forces that the group is attempting to display. Therefore, a group would also progress by displaying these forces and interacting with each other rather than following a script or story line. They would get to 'know' these forces and thereby create new stories. By the time the group takes the play before an audience, there should be a confidence built on a story framework that no longer necessarily demands line memorization. Each member 'knows' what force and energy he/she is and 'knows' how that energy reacts in a given situation. The ultimate idea is to allow that energy to flow from and through the player--to encase and totally involve the audience and/or other participants. In essence the player unifies with the energy and through it allows everyone to experience it.

The ultimate goal of the mystery play is to have the audience depart with an energy high that does not drain them--to create a spiritual satisfaction whether or not they intellectually comprehended what was happening. The hopeful achievement here is a communion with the forces that humankind has had trouble accomplishing for quite some time.



The Silver Elves put out delightful letters that warm the heart and lift the spirit into the Eldritch. Send them stamps and you will see what I mean! The Silver Elves, P.O. Box 35, Guernwood Park, CA, 95446.

The Wise Woman, a magazine of Feminist Wicce and Goddess Lore. $6.00 per year. Box 19421, Sacramento, CA, 95819.



Spirit Within News is a prison Pagan newsletter. CO/M.S.P. Pagan Group, Box A, Thomaston, Maine, 04861.

The Pegasus Express is published 8 times a year. $6.00 a yr. or $1.00 per sample. Make checks payable to Richard Facchiano or Ellen Hansen. Rt. #3, Box #962-H, LaBelle, Fl. 33935.

PPL is a wonderful networking newsletter, especially for the Pagan parent. I highly recommend both this and The Littlest Unicorn to any Pagan parent, and even the rest of us who aren't!

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P.O. Box 423-P
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Magical Unicorn Messenger published 4 times per year by the Temple of Wicca: $7/yr. Articles, reviews, poetry, festival news, etc. Contact them: Temple of Wicca, P.O. Box 1302, Findlay, OH, 45839.

HINTS FROM HEWESCLIFF

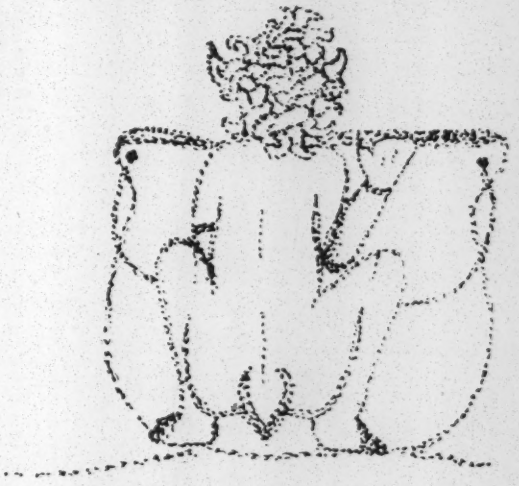
Though the cooler seasons are moving in on us, it is not a bad idea to be planning out one's garden for the spring. Staggered planting where you plant something at an earlier and later time increases the production time. We had three groups of tomatoes enabling us to eat from spring all the way to the beginning of November.

Also, to maintain better health for each group, plant them away from each other so that if you should have any difficulties with one group, you do not pass those problems onto the next.

When picking your produce, always pick from the strongest plants first so that you avoid passing any problems onto the next group. If you have definite problems with bugs or rust in a group, it is wise to wash your hands if you still need to go on to others. Of course, rust can always be avoided by not picking anything when the plants are wet, but when you've not had a dry day in a couple of weeks or so (like Georgia's known to do), it's awfully hard to tell yourself no.

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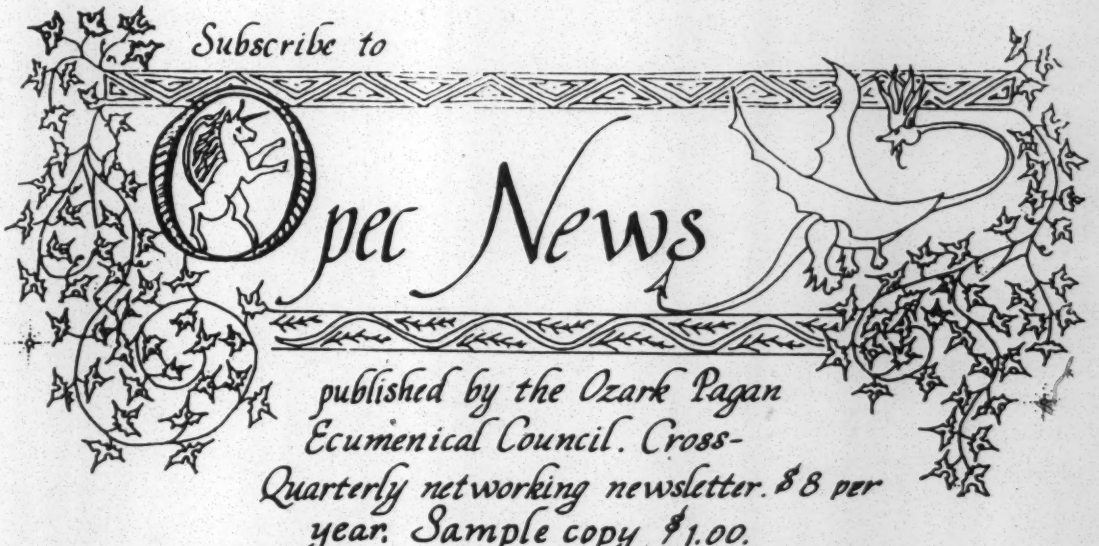


HARVEST -- A Neo-Pagan journal, is published 8 times per year. Running 26 pages, it features articles, networking, national/local pagan news, reviews, rituals, more. $2 sample copy, $10 per year. HARVEST, PO Box 228, S. Framingham, MA, 01701

The UNICORN is a publication of the Rowan Tree coming out 8 times per year. They can be reached at Box 8814, Minneapolis, MN, 55408. Subscription is $10 year (US) or $14 (foreign). And always--bright blessings to Andrius!



AND THEN THERE'S THE LITTLEST UNICORN! What a treat--and so needed! The herbal alternative to children's aspirin I was immediately passing around. The charming humor of The Unicorn is maintained here with an even stronger childlike glee. This is a fun magazine (as well as very instructive) and I really think it will readily capture the hearts of the adults as well as their children. The Littlest Unicorn is also a publication of the Rowan Tree. It is published 8 times per year. Subscription: P.O. Box 8814, Minneapolis, MN, 55408, $7 ($8/yr. outside US). Please make checks payable to The Powan Tree.



to Kemlouta–the kemmy kat

I heard the White Lady
pass near my door
late in the shadowy eve--
and I knew She had come
to speak with you, as
She had often been doing
of late.

Yet, how was I to realize
that this time She came
to request that you
accompany Her to live forever
in Her silvery realm?

No, I hardly blame you for
assenting;
as I hope someday it is
asked of myself as well.

But pardon me,
my little dear heart,
For sorrowing--
though I know your spirit is set free,

and let me be comforted by
realizing--that
Someday I shall follow your
Guiding pawprints into the land
of music and light.

Donna Rhose/85

There is a Killer amongst us.
It is our problem;
the Whole human race.
We are infected with its virus,
as silently as we lose our lives,
as rapid as its pace,
we are destroyed.

There is no blame to anyone,
to give or to take.
There is no real hope,
as it claims all of us--
All Humans,
in All Communities.

It is non-judgemental,
It kills all it infects.
Be sure it is everyone's problem,
There is no one to reject--
Aquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome

Miguel/85

The Llewellyn
NEW TIMES

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We are always open to exchanging ad for ad. We are also very open to networking and would appreciate news to both further our contacts and help us extend contacts to others.

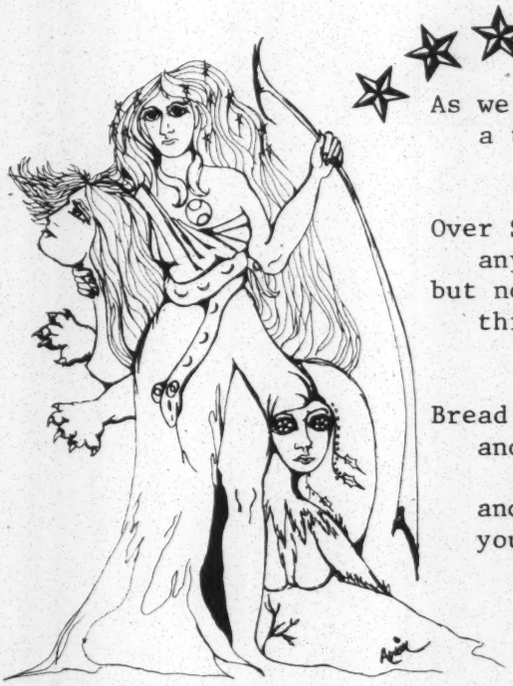
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Seasonal Silver
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Requests for artwork done by artists in this magazine may be sent to Seasonal Silver. These are fine graphic artists who would be happy to discuss possible commissions. PM does lovely paintings and photography, and does layout and design professionally. Geoffrey and Arion do mainly pen and ink drawings with some design and illustration in their backgrounds.

Future ads will be as follows: 10¢ per word, $5 quarter page, $10 half page, $20 full page. All announcements for upcoming events will always be free.

Anyone wishing to send creative contributions: send a SASE for reply. Type literature in order to avoid any confusion. With graphics, avoid delicate pieces as they are difficult to reproduce. At this time we are unable to reproduce photography.



HINT FOR A GOOD WINTER OF COOKING

As we approach Winter,
a time to reflect back,
and a time to cook.

Over Summer, the boogie can find food--
any in your garden,
but now--
this gentle helper looks for its
food in your home.

Bread and milk will suit the boogie,
and your pleasure returned
as each successful meal you make,
and house swept clean,
your healper,
his magic
the boogie.

Miguel/85

Printing, Somerset Press

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